



Chaos



👁 84 ✓ 10 ★ 10

Chapter 1 by ratssilooc

Jess stood at the top of the mountain. She looked down at her people as she always did. Her eyes filled with anger her heart with jealousy. She wanted so badly what they had, simplicity, normality. They didn't know what they had. Nor how much she was willing to do to take it away from them.

Chapter 2 by JT



Motionless, she stood on the plateau. Her golden eyes regarded those who dared to stand the closest to their queen. Obsequious suck-ups, all of them. Her silver wolf pelt bestowed warmth against a sudden gust of harsh crisp air.

Jess felt her hand begin to quake with anticipation and spite, as her fingertips edged ever closer to the sovereign blade of Mistmarch—hidden in her fur boot. The infamous dagger had taken the lives of countless before her, and she had dealt innumerable dark deals in order to feel the cold metal against her palm once more. Fitting that it'd be used now.

A wicked smirk etched itself across Jess' face, heartbeat pulsing. In a single breath, the dozen

noblemen surrounding her could be transformed into corpses—nothing more. Their honeyed words and craven gestures would be silenced. She was trained for this, for this moment, since she had first seen blood spilled on her behalf.

She held the weapon in her hand, approaching. The golden throne people tilted their heads high to catch a glance at their beloved ruler, unaware of chaos about to erupt. It was now or

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never.

Her hands felt rigid as the dagger left her grasp, whizzing through the air, nestling itself in its target.

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